SONGS
AND
POEMS
OF
LOVE
AND
DROLLERY

By T. W.

Printed in the Year, 1654.

To my most obliging Friend

E. M. *Esquire.*

SIR,

IT *was not by my endeavor, but permittance only, that these trifles were preferred to the Press; nor had the perswasions used procured so much from me, but that upon strict Examination, I conceived them to be good for nothing, but to be printed. For since the late Deluge of Ignorance overflowed this Land, it fares with Books, as with*

with Men; the light and frothy float and flouriſh, whilſt the Grave and Solid ſink and periſh. Having thus abandoned them to the ignominy of an Impreſsion, 'twould be abſurd to beg from you a candid opinion of them, which hath been already denyed them by my ſelf. And therefore I ask no pardon for the Errors of the Contents, but for the boldneſs I take to preſent you therewith, and to ſubſcribe my ſelf

(Sir)

Your moſt Faithfully
Devoted Servant,

T. W.

SONGS AND POEMS OF LOVE AND DROLLERY.

Song.

COme all you discontented souls,
And here lay down your Loads;
Drinksack wᶜʰ want & wo controuls
And care it self corrodes.
The world is never bad,
Whilst good Wine may be had,

Nor can it much oppresse yee,
Though the Anger of al
Other gods on yee fall,
So *Bacchus* onely blesse ye.
(*Chor.*)
Then to Bacchus, then to Bacchus
Let's betake us,
Whose streams will dry
The weeping eye,
And make our griefs forsake us.

2.

Are you depriv'd of those you lov'd,
yet let your heart not sink;
Such crosses to the wise have prov'd
provocatives to drink:
He had a gallant Soul,
Who call'd for a full Boul,
When one of his Sons was slain;
And being told anone,
That another was gone,
He cry'd, Fill't up again.
(*Chor.*) *Then to Bacchus, then to Bacchus, &c.*

3.

Did the successefull foe o'rethrow
In battell all your powers?

Drink

Drink ſack, and you'le ne're feel the blow,
But count the next day your's;
When the Gyants by *Scalado*
Storm'd heav'n in a bravado,
The trembling Gods were ſhrinking,
Till *Bachus* in 'em works,
And makes 'em fight like Turks:
Heav'n was preſerv'd by drinking.
(*Chor.*) *Then to Bacchus, then, &c.*

4.

Is your juſt Cauſe batr'd of ſucceſſe,
By the bribed Judges Art?
Drink Sack and it ſhall onely preſſe
His conſcience, not your heart.
Doth the undeſerved frown
Of your King keep you down
From power and dignity?
Then your cups freely take,
And your ſelf they will make
A Prince as great as he.
(*Chor.*) *Then to Bacchus, then &c.*

5.

Mourn not, if ſhe whom you adore
will not to grace admit yee;

Your tears will make her pride the more,
And laughter move, not pitie.
To pine and look pale,
Is no way to prevail,
But take this course that's better,
Drink Sack till your face
Hath a plump ruddie grace;
You'l get, or else forget her.
(*Chor.*) *Then to Bacchus, then &c.*

6.

Have plundring Rebels made you poor,
Then let them in no part
Enjoy your grief, as well as store,
But envy your light heart.
Drink about, and about,
Drink in season, and out;
Drink deep, and then confide you,
That the world well will go,
Or if it do, or no,
You'l care no more than I do.
(*Chor.*) *Then to Bacchus, then to Bacchus,*
Let's betake us,
Whose streams doth dry
The weeping eye,
And make our griefs forsake us.

Song.

QUickly drawer bring us up,
More Wine yet, and a larger cup,
That of the ſame draught I may firſt,
Quench, and again renew my thirſt;
With other ſweets we ſoon are cloy'd;
Wine's more deſir'd the more enjoy'd:
Were *Pallas* here, who could endure
To hear her talk 'bove half an hour?
Appollo too with's golden Lyre,
Would with each ſtrain waſte your deſire;
Venerian ſports till morning pleaſe:
But then grow loath'd as the diſeaſe.
'Tis *Bacchus* onely can delight,
And ſtill preſerve the Appetite;
Oft may he then my throat ſupply,
With conſtant floods to keep it dry.

Song.

FAir *Cloris* in a gentle ſlumber lay,
Sleep taking reſt,
In her calm breſt.
Whilſt her vail'd eyes ſeem to eclipſe the day.

The wanton Sun
Would court her fain,
Peep't here and there,
But all in vain.
The leafie bowes a guard had made,
Planting between their envious ſhade;
Whereat he chid his idle beams, that he
Should want an eye wherby himſelf might ſee.

A Song in Priſon.

I Am no captive, I, I find,
My ſoul ſtill free and unconfin'd;
And though my body have the doom,
To be cag'd up in a cloſe room;
Yet ſince my minde is guiltleſſe, this
No bondage, nor no thraldome is.

Let ſuch for captives truely go,
Whoſe guilty ſouls do make them ſo;
When num'rous crimes link't and combin'd:
Like pondrous chains fetter the minde:
When thoughts are black and gloomy, this
True bondage, and true thraldome is.

But

But when a ſpotleſſe Innocence
Shall witneſs that no foul offence,
But Loyalty unto my King
Caus'd my reſtraint; who will not bring
A teſtimony ſtraight, that this
No bondage nor no thraldome is.

SONG.

YOu ſilly mortals that addreſſe,
With more devotion then ſucceſs,
Your wiſhes to ſome powerleſs gods,
To gain their love, or ſhun their rods,
Be rul'd by me, and I'le be bold,
To lay the Divell to a groat,
That you ſhall proſper in your vote,
Worſhip no god but gold.
(Chor.)
Gold, Gold, O behold,
Thou delight and the chear
Of the ſight and the ear;
We'l thy power adore,
And thy favour implore;
Angels from thee have Wings to touch
The lofty ſtars, O grant us ſuch,
That to Heaven we may ſore;
Hell's only for the poor.

2.

The power of *Jove* that's held so big,
Compar'd to Gold's, not worth a fig;
His thundering godhead strength did lack
To lay weak *Danae* on her back;
Shee against all assaults did hold,
Her Virgin fort, untill there came
A shower of gold to storm the same.
The God of Power is Gold:
(*Chor.*) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

3.

Cupid, the Active god of Love,
Who oft hath triumph't over *Jove*,
Could never yet subdue a hart,
But when he us'd a golden dart;
And Ladies now that seem most cold
When amorous youth for favour begs,
Ope a rich purse, will ope their legs.
The god of Love is Gold;
(*Chor.*) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

4.

In vain for help the Souldier goes,
To blustring *Mars* against his foes;

All

All he can do's not worth a doyt,
If Gold be not in the exployt.
'Twas by the Oracle once told,
He that his foe will overthrow,
With Gold not Steel, must strike the blow:
The god of War is Gold.
(Chor.) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

5.

Kings that aw Nations with their frowns,
Are made so by their golden Crowns;
And subjects oft we see give o're
Their duty, when their Prince grow's poor;
The gods themselves we should behold,
If Gold enflame not Piety,
Would without Priests and Altars be,
A God of gods is Gold.
(Chor.) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

6.

Would you be noble? Gold's the thing,
Can make you cozen to a King.
Or grave and wise? 'tis in its power
To make you privy Councellour,

All

All doubtfull ſtrifes he can unfold;
And whither is the juſter cauſe
Determined oftner then the Laws:
The God of Judgment's Gold,
(*Chor.*) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

7.

'Tis want of Gold doth cauſe all ill,
And makes men ſteal, defraud and kill,
And th'coſtly ſins they cannot Act
They envie, and more guilt contract:
But ſuch as ſtore of treaſure hold,
Do eat and drink and play fine pranks,
They kiſs their Wench, and give God thanks,
The God of vertue's Gold.
(*Chor.*) *Gold, Gold, O behold, &c.*

8.

Then you that ſeek a pleaſant life,
For Gold, make ſale of Friend or wife;
Shift all Lands and Religions too,
Till Gold vouchſafe to dwell with you.

But

But if he ſtill himſelf withhold,
And there remain no farther hope,
Betake your ſelves unto a rope,
Hang they can get no Gold.

(Chor.)

Gold, Gold, O behold,
Thou delight, and the chear,
Of the ſight and the ear,
We'l thy power adore,
And thy favours implore,
Angels from thee have wings to touch
The lofty ſtars, O grant us ſuch,
That to Heaven we may ſore:
Hell's onely for the poor.

SONG.

NOw fie upon the Peeviſh Sect
Of vertuous handſome Women,
Who when they're woo'd to ſport, object
Honour and Heaven unto men.
The Attributes of Chaſte and Cold
Become the ugly and the old;
But ſhee whoſe face is fair, her minde
May beſt adorne, by being kinde.

The

The cruel Beauty doth prevent,
And fruſtrate Natures end;
Or is a loathed Inſtrument,
To plague men that offend.
All fruits their ſweetneſſe have to feaſt
The taſt; And when they do't, are bleſt:
But that's accurſt, that doth invite
And Tantalize the Appetite.

Did the Celeſtial Lamps alone
Without an influence,
Appear but to be gaz'd upon,
They'd gain ſmall honour thence;
They're not ador'd for their bright ſhow,
But 'cauſe they warm and mix below,
So heavenly Beauties both inſpire
With wonder, and content deſire.

And may (my *Sylvia*) thine prove ſuch,
Thus being admir'd by me;
Let me enjoy it now as much,
And I will worſhip thee.
Now quickly ſay, if I muſt be
Thy Martyr, or thy Votary:
For thou to me canſt prove no leſſe,
Then either Saint or Murdereſſe.

The Compounders Song.

1.

COme Drawers, some Wine,
Or we'l pull down your sign;
For we're all joval Compounders.
We'l make the house ring
With healths to the King,
And confusion unto his confounders.

2.

Since Goldsmiths Committee
Affords us no pittie,
Our sorrows in Wine we will steep 'm;
They forc'd us to take
Two Oaths, and we make
A third, that we ne're mean to keep 'm.

3.

And first, who e're see's,
We'l drink on our knees,
To th'King; may they choak that repine:
A fig for the Traitors
That look to his waters,
Th'ave nothing to do with our Wine.

And

4.

And next here's a Cup
To the Queen; fill it up,
Wer't poison we would make an end on't,
May *Charles* and she meet,
And tread under feet
Both Anabaptist and Independent.

5.

To the Prince and all others
His Sisters and Brothers,
As low in condition as high-born;
We drink this and pray,
That shortly they may
See all those that wrong them at *Tyborn*.

6.

And now here's three bowles,
To all gallant souls,
That for the King did, and will venture;
May they flourish when those
Who are his and their foes
Are dam'd and ram'd down to the Center.

7.

And last let a glasse
To our Undoers passe,
Attended with two or three curses;
May plagues sent from hell
Stuff their bodies as well
As Cavaliers Coyn doth their purses.

8.

May the Canibals of *Pym*
Eat them up lymb by lymb,
Or a feaver scorch 'em to Embers;
Pox keep 'em in bed
Until they are dead,
Or compound for the losse of their members.

9.

And may they be found
In nought to abound,
But heavens and their Countries anger;
May they never want factions,
Doubts, fears and distractions,
Till the Gallow tree takes them from danger

Rotundos.

Rotundos.

ONce I a curious eye did fix
to obſerve the tricks
Of the Schiſmaticks of the times,
To find out which of them
VVas the merrieſt theme,
And beſt would befit my rimes.
Arminians I found ſolid,
Socinians were not ſtolid;
Much learning for Papiſts did ſtickle:
But ah ha ha ha ha ha ha, Rotundos Ro.
ah, ha ha ha ha ha ha, Rotundos Rot.
'Tis you that my Spleen doth tickle.

And firſt, to tel muſt not be forgot
How I once did trot
With a great Zealot to a Lecture,
Where I a Tub did view,
Hung with apron blew,
'Twas the preachers as I conjecture:
His uſe and doctrine too,
VVere of no other hue,
Though he ſpake with a tone moſt mickle
But ah ha ha, &c.

He taught amongſt other pretty things,
That the Book of *Kings*
Small benefit brings to the godly,
Beſide he had ſome grudges
At the book of *Judges*,
And talk't of *Leviticus* odly;
Wiſdm moſt of all,
He declares Apocriphall,
Beat *Bell* and the *Dragon*, like *Michael*.
But ah, ha ha, &c.

'Gainſt humane Learning next he enveys,
And moſt boldy ſays,
'Tis that which deſtroyes Inſpiration;
Let ſuperſtitious ſenſe,
And wit be baniſht hence.
With Popiſh premeditation;
Cut Biſhops down in haſte,
And Cathedralls as faſt
As corn that's fit for the ſyckle.
But ah, ha, &c.

I heard one ſay, if her knee he did touch,
He could tell thus much,
If a ſiſter did crouch at Communion,

Then thrusting up his hand,
He ne're made a stand,
Till he came where her fork had union;
But she without all terrour,
Beleiving 'twas an errour,
Did laugh while her tears down trickl'd.
But ah, ha, &c.

Oh then her Spleen he tickl'd.

Indeed quoth she with much modestie,
Good brother you be
Of a certainty much too high,
O, no, no, no, quoth he,
Is not thy knee
At the upper end of thy thigh?
And now I find by handing,
That thou wilt take it standing,
Of me thine own sweet mickle.
But ah, ha
O then her spleen he'd tickle.

Their teachers like to wild Asses wince,
At their Soveraign Prince;
And I heard (not long since) one demanding,

If

If there muſt needs be one,
Might not I ſit a throne,
As well as the tub that I ſtand in;
And how well would a Crown
Sit on my head ſo rown,
But we'l have no man ſo mickle.
But ah, ha ha, &c.

If once they get a ſeditious hint,
It muſt out in Print,
Though there's matter in't to o'return all;
And if they write in meeter,
They think there's nothing ſweeter,
Unleſſe it be old *Tom Sternhold*;
Their Papers will ſerve thoſe
That have need to pick a roſe,
Or elſe too good for the pickle.
But ah ha, &c.

Thus they will never leave off to palter,
Till at laſt a halter
Doth the caſe quite alter with ſuch men;
They'l wiſh they'd ne're forgon
The old Religion,
And learn'd a new of the Dutchmen:

They'l surely constant be,
When to the triple-tree
They're ty'd, be they now ne're so fickle.
But ah, ha, &c.
Oh then my Spleen you'l tickle.

God blesse the King, and Queen also,
And Yorks Duke too,
And the other three more, with the Captain,
May all their treacherous friends,
And their foes miss their ends,
And their own devices be trap't in:
And may our noble *Charles* find
Rebels ne're more perillous
Then Herrings that lye in the pickle.
But ah ha &c.
O then my, &c.

ZEAL

ZEAL OVER-HEATED,

Or

A Relation of a lamentable fire which happened in Oxford, *in a Religious Brother's Shop, who though he laboured in all mens vocations, yet were his trades fewer then his tricks to fetch over the wicked, that he might afford the godly a better penny-worth.*

To the Tune of Chivey-Chase.

1.

ATtend ye Brethren every one,
And listen with a pair
Of swaggring ears that have out-grown
By many an inch the hair.

2.

Of Popish flames I will relate
To you a dismall story,

† Thos Williams, a Milliner

Which turn'd a Zealots Shop of late
Into a Purgatory.

3.

There dwels in *Oxford* near the place
Where holy *Cornish*† teaches,
One that in all trades had such grace,
The wicked he over-reaches.

4.

This Brother first a stoick was,
Peripatetically;
For about the world as he did passe,
His wealth he carried all.

5.

But when his sin had made his pack
Too heavy for his Shoulder,
I'th'foresaid place he eas'd his back,
And turn'd a stay'd housholder.

6.

In all vocations by and by
He grew so great a meddler, That

† Henry Cornish, Canon of Christ-Church, 1640.

That though th'Exchange his Shop ſtood nigh
You'd take him for no Pedler.

7.

By ſlight of tongue he could fetch o're
All ſparks that came unto him,
Except thoſe which two nights before
Chriſtide were like to undoe him.

8.

When he to ſleep himſelf had ſet,
And dream'd of no worſe fires
Then thoſe his zeal, and's little peat
Kindl'd in his deſires.

9.

He heard ſome cry fire, fire, amain,
And ſay that he was ſlack;
Great *John* of all trades would again
Be brought to his firſt Pack.

10.

Then haſting down to ſee what burn'd,
The ſmoak his breath did ſtop,

Alas, his new Exchange was turn'd
To a Tobacco ſhop.

11.

His wife came too at the report,
Her cloaths hung in ſuch pickle,
As ſhe had new come from the ſport,
After a Conventickle.

The ſecond part.

12.

And firſt in theſe ſad flames ſhe ſpy'd
A ſpruce *Geneva* Bible,
With gilded leaves and ſtrings beſide,
That were not contemptible.

13.

But with leſſe grief he could have ſeen't
(As he then ſaid to ſome one)
Had but the Apocripha been in't,
And Prayers that we call common.

14.

The Practice there of Piety,
And good St. *Kathrine Stubs*

Were

Were Martyrs, which oft quoted he
Had heard in several tubbs.

15.

Then being of his *Dods* bereft,
And *Cleavers* all and some,
You may presume that there was left,
Of *Comforts* never a *crum*.

16.

A Chest of Cambrick and Holland
Was turn'd to a box of tinder,
His Virgin Tapers out were brand,
The Extinguishers could not hinder.

17.

They that his Taffaties did see
And various Ribbons, strait
Concluded that in burnt silk he
Was largely worth his waight.

18.

Of smoaking Canes there lay great store,
His eyes had soon espy'd them,

They

They ne're were truly fir'd before,
As he had oft bely'd them.

19.

His hobby horses erst so tame
Smal babes of grace might run
A race upon them, now became
Hot as the steeds i'th' Sun.

20.

Mirrours and perspectives then might
Be burning Glasses call'd;
The Feaver was so hot that night,
That Perriwiggs grew balde.

21.

Then mousetraps, fly flaps, and whole shelves
Of whipps, with others some
Such fatal instruments, themselves
Suffr'd a Martyrdome.

22.

And to conclude, the flame being done,
Some that were there did swear,
Though

Though Chriſtmas was not yet begun,
That 'twas Aſhwedneſday there.

23.

Dear Brethren then be not ſo hot:
For if unto your harm,
Your zeal like this take fire, I wot,
You'l wiſh you were luke-warm.

24.

God bleſſe this Land, and keep it Aye
Againſt all that oppoſe:
And let the Supream head bear ſway
in ſtead o'th' Supream noſe.

Another.

The price of Annarchie.

To the tune of Mad Tom.

ALL you that would no longer
To a Monarch be subjected,
Come away to *Guildhall*,
And be there liberall,
Your wish shall be effected.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, bring your gold, bring your
Your silver shap't or molten;
If the King you'd have down,
And advance to the Crown
Five Members and Kimbolton.

2.

Regard no Proclamations,
They're subjects fit to jest on:

Harry Esling's farr
Better then *C. R.*
is resolv'd upon the question.
(*Chor.*)
ome, come away, bring, &c.

3.

e Aldermen first send in
our Chains upon these Summons,
To buy ropes ends
For all the Kings friends,
hey are Traitors against the Commons.
(*Chor.*)
ome, come away, bring, &c.

4.

our Basons large, and Ewres
nto this use allot 'em;
If e're you mean
Your hands to wash clean
rom the sins by which you got 'm.
(*Chor.*
ome, come away, &c.

5.

end in your Cann's and Goblets,
e Citizens confiding;

And

And think not scorn
To drink in a horn
Of your own wives providing.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, &c.

6.

Ye Brethren strong and lusty,
The Sisters exercise yee;
Get babes of grace,
And spoons apace,
Both Houses do advise yee.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, &c.

7.

Your Gold and Silver Bodkin,
The Parliament would ha' both;
Which oft doth make
A louse for to take
A journey upon the Sabboth.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come, &c.

8.

You that have store of money
Bring thither, and be thrifty;

If the Parliament thrive,
'Twill ſo contrive,
You'll have back four of fifty.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, &c.

9.

Let the Religious Seamſtreſſe
Her ſilver Thymble bring here;
'Twill be a fine thing
In depoſing a King,
To ſay you had a finger.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, &c.

10.

Your Childs decay'd whiſtle
May here obtain admittance;
Nor ſhall that coſt
Be utterly loſt,
You'l have for't an Acquittance.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, &c.

11.

If when the buſ'neſſe endeth
Your Plate you would recover,

Be sure you may
The chief heads that day
On the Bridg or Tower discover.
(*Chor.*)
Come, come away, bring your gold, bring your ju
Your silver shap't or molten; (wel
If the King you'd ha' down,
And advance to the Crown
Five Members and Kimbolton.

Another,

In Defence of Women.

1.

FUll many a Ballad hath been made,
and railing Poeme writ
Against poor Women, as if they had
of goodnesse never a whit.
But I'le prove it in spight of any mans nose,
That e're writ against them in verse or in prose,
That some women are good: A hard task I have
And will ask a great deal of wit. (chos

2.

young man once had got a fine laſſe
he lov'd above all other,
ho for his ſake did ſwear by the Maſſe,
ſhe'd leave both father & mother. (pair,
t when ſh'ad got Rings and Gloves many a
e quarrelld and kick'd him down the ſtair;
not this Girl good? To draw in an Heir
And make a younger Brother.

3.

here is a poor friend of mine that is wed
to one who every ſtitch
yes out ſhe never had come to his bed,
had it not been for ſome witch:
e claw's his face like any wilde cat,
d his eyes till he ſee no more then a bat;
is Woman is excellent good (that's flat)
To cure a man of the Itch.

4.

me Women there are who wil not, all night,
permit you to take any ſleep,

To cure their itching appetite
will make you not able to Creep.
They'l rise about noon, put on their gay cloths
And away to a feast how e're the world goes
Such women are wondrous good (God knows)
To hang, but not to keep.

5.

A Woman I know that cannot endure
to eat unlesse by stealth;
Her self in her closet she will immure,
and say, 'Tis for her health.
The Plover and Partridge is all her dyet,
Her husband eats beef when he can come by it
I'le maintain shee's good (who ever denyes)
To none but to her self.

6.

Some are in Religion very profound,
and for the Gospel stickle;
They'l suddenly bring the Pope to the ground
though now he be ne're so mickle.
He'l as soon be laid on his back, they ne're fear

(the ſpirit;
As themſelves when the brothers are mov'd by
They are heavenly good at the ſport (I dare
After a Conventickle. (ſwear it)

7.

There is a ſort whoſe freedome's ſuch,
you'l think y'ave got a treaſure,
Their naked armes and breſts you may touch,
and kiſſe them without meaſure.
But when to be at the main ſtake you put in,
They'l not do't to ſhame thẽſelvs &their Kin;
They're good —— to draw on you the guilt of
And barr you of the pleaſure. (the ſin,

8.

Some ſo affect ſo be in fame,
pure and immaculate,
That if they hear but *Cupid*'s name
they are diſpleas'd thereat.
If you touch but their hand, y'ave a piſh & a fie;
Not offer to kiſſe, and for help they will cry;
Theſe Women are purely good, —— ſay I,
The Lord he knows for what.

9.

The laſt I'l commend are high cowing Laſſes
that all ſubjection ſcorn;
If their husbands diſpleaſe'em they are in
they'ad better lead on a forlorn;
But take a good cudgel to cure all this,
And apply't to their ſides till you make the
You'l find that ſuch Women are not much
To breath a man well in a morn.

10.

Now if any Poet can give more praiſe
then I have done to ſmocks,
With all my heart he ſhall wear the Bayes,
and I will ſit in the ſtocks:
Or if there be any will yet be ſo ſtout,
As to ſay they are all nought, we will not
For to tell you the troth, I went about,
To maintain a Paradox.

A LETANY.

Upon Occaſion of a Journey to Bath.

1.

From going to *Bath* with little money in my purſe;
From ſtaying there after all's ſpent, which is worſe,
And from a drawers viſit when I am ready to horſe.
Good Mercury defend me.

2.

From an old German Quack yclipp'd Doctor *Bavie*,
Whoſe skill is not half ſo much as his knavery,
And ten to one will rather kill'ee then ſave 'ee,
Good Mercury defend me.

3.

From his Purges and Vomits, his Powders and Jellie,
With more for's own good then yours he does ſell'ee,
And from medling with the Tapſters wife with a great (belly.
Good Mercury, &c.

4.

From Ladies that take Phifick before they be ſick;
That they may with better mettal anſwer the (·),
Who copulate thrice a night, yet call 't a lewd trick,
Good Mercury, &c.

5.

From ſuch as in *Bath* uſe to ſing a Hymn,
From a Barber that on Sunday mornings refuſes to trim
From living a Traitor, and dying like *Pym*
Good Mercury, &c.

6.

From a Preacher that's as fat as the Bull *Baſan*,
And bellowes out ſuch Doctrines as would amaze one,
From his Font of pewter, and his face that's brazen
Good Mercury, &c.

7.

From his thanks to God for ſaving in Child-bed pain,
A woman that's from a Church a mile off or twain,
And perhaps preparing for the ſame Buſineſs again,
Good Mercury, &c.

From

8.

From a Colonel that vapours as if he were *Mars*,
Yet will take a blow on the face, and a kick on the arse,
And so suffers more in Peace then he did in the Wars
Good Mercury, &c.

9

From a Captain that keeps a horrible stir,
And when he's call'd Rascal, cryes, Your servant Sir,
That will challenge a Mastiff, and not fight with a Cur,
Good Mercury, &c.

10

From an Hostis that reckons the same thing again,
And brings in the same *Items* to several men;
And from such as call to pay before it be ten
Good Mercury, &c.

11

From a rainy day when I have never a Cloak,
From foul wayes when I ride in boots that do soak,
And from a Town without drink when I am ready to choak
Good Mercury, &c.

12

From a ſtone horſe that's right and ſound limb and wi
Yet tires and leaves a fair Lady behind;
And from an Inn where I'm forc't to take ſuch as I find,
Good Mercury defend me.

13.

From uncivil Creditors that threaten to ſue me;
From gaping after Wealth which will never come to me
And from being a Poet, for that will undo me,
Good Mercury defend me.

Cupidi-

Cupidinis Ceſtrenſis Calentura.

YOur pardon Cupid, I'l not love a jot,
This Climate is too hot;
Under Loves Equinoctial here we are
Juſt perpendicular,
Where flames in downright doing muſt be drench'd
Or they will n'ere be quench'd:
Talk of a Love that only mixes ſouls,
And the itch of fleſh controuls,
That into hot imbraces loaths to melt.
The Ladies ſwear y'are gelt:
And vow had *Plato* taught here, th'Eunuch then
Should have been ſton'd again.
It is not a rich fancy, nor quick wit,
Nor Courtly phraſe can fit;
From Lute and voice let skilful accents flow,
They'l call for *Robbing-Jo.*
But bring ſmooth faces and good promiſing backs,
The only modiſh knacks;
I'le warrant them your own without more ſtir,
Or if they do demur;

How

How you are yarded both in flesh and Land
Is all on which they stand.
Hence 'tis, that *Hymen's* here so oft invok'd
That we are almost choak'd
With constellations of Links. Sure this
Town is no Gods but his;
Men that before had vow'd a Covenant
To *Mars*, do here recant,
And sel the honour they might gain by fights
For soft and vain delights.
Our *Cyprian* Ladies here do triumph still,
Conquer abroad who will.
The dearth of men dame *Shipton* propheſi'd,
They safely may deride.
For sure I think they could (were all men gone)
Keep up the sport alone;
Just as among themselves when men they miss
They use to dance and kiss.
Let none misconster me, I tax not all,
A parcel's good, though smal;
There are some witty fair ones in the place,
Adorn'd with every Grace;
Such as conform to modest *Venus* Lawes,
Worthy of all applause,
When I acknowledg this, who'l blame my muse,
And say she doth abuse?

For

For to her ſelf who ever ſhall apply't,
Truſt me, I'l not deny't.
But ſuch as 'gainſt my Verſe complaints do make,
And cry my Ink's too black,
That coat of ſhame on their own perſons draw,
Which I but ſtuft with ſtraw.

To

To certain Prisoners, who had appointed a Drinking-Match.

BRavely resolv'd: you mean the world shall see
You have not yet lost all your liberty;
Y'are but restrain'd from Vertue, you have still
An unconfined freedome to do ill.
Can't you be mad by chance, but it must be
Consulted and resolv'd to a decree?
'Tis crime enough to be o'reta'ne with Wine,
But to be drunk with purpose and design
Admits no pardon: yet with such delight
And pomp you act it, as you'd merit by't.
Reclaim for Heavens sake, drink no longer then,
You may forget y'are prisoners, not men;
Know y'are amongst your foes, who'l joy to see
Your crimes as much as your captivity,
And thence become more confident and bold
Then from their Pulpets, Almanacks and Gold;
For 'tis too good a Logick which infers,
Slaves unto so much vice, must needs be theirs.

But

But(Sirs) I not admire your ſtrange delight
To drink ſo much, as how you can come by't;
I know your pockets have a long time been
Empty, & free for th'Fiend to friſk therein, (heart
And 'mongſt your friends, though you are dry at th'
Your Credits would not paſs for one poor quart:
Have foes more faith, or have you lighted on
A more confiding generation?
Make uſe on't; yet remember well this thing,
Though now you drink without a reckoning,
The time may come, when after there ſhall be
Exchanges to procure your liberty;
That you again may priſoners become
T' *imprimis*, *item*, and the *total ſum*;
Take heed leſt then with penſive hearts you pack
To the Brick-building; truſt me there's no Sack.
But friends, I wiſh that what I've ſaid unto ye
May a prevention prove, not Propheſie.
I'l viſit you e're many Suns do ſhine,
And if i'th' num'rous Deluges of Wine
All Grace be not already wrack'd and ſunk,
I'l work you ſober, or my ſelf well drunk.

To Sir E. L. *at* LONDON.

GOod Sir, to you for your kind Letter
I think my self much more a Debtor
Then you or I are to *Tom Dennis*,
To whom we owe both Pounds and pennies,
For you therein much love expres's
Both in your Sack and sobernes's.
When rich Canary warmes your blood,
And you begin to chew the cud
Of Loyalty, and boldly swear
You'l live and dye a Cavalier:
When all sad thoughts as fast do quit'ee,
As poor Malignants do the City,
When some loud thundring Ordinance rings
From the first and second house of Kings.
When *Charles* and *Mary* have gone round,
And some great men who still prove sound,
And when to the three Country Lasses
Y'ave sacrific'd as many glasses,
Then you, I find, with Wine that sparkles
Much like a fire made of Char-coles,

Cry

Cry Sirs, a health, if ſuch your leave is,
To honeſt *Dick*; Let come, quoth *Bevis*;
Quoth Uncle *Will*, I'l not forgo it
For truly *Dick*'s a pretty Poet;
And yet me thinks, what er's the matter,
For 's poverty he might be better.
True, (quoth my friend) but you know he
Has a worſe fault then's Poetry,
Which makes his fortunes go awry all,
That is, he's honeſt ſtill, and Loyal.
To this your Love (Sirs) I yeild ſtore
Of thanks, but admiration more,
That Wine, which makes mens thoughts aſpire
As high as *Phaetons*, or higher,
Should give you ſuch humility
As to deſcend to think of me.
But then (Sir) when y'are out of drink,
And call for paper, pen, and Ink,
And write to your own Lady *Nannie*,
And the other two, who next of any
You beſt affect, and to Sir *Trevor*,
That you ſhould think of poor *Dick Leaver*,
And ſend him too a large Epiſtle,
Believe me, Sir, it makes me briſtle,
And fancy ſtreight (or I'm a Varlet)
My old freiz Jump is Pluſh or Scarlet,

And

And that I am as ſpick and ſpan
All o're as a Committee-man:
But I do fear I am too long,
And injure much the preſſing throng
Of buſineſſes, which will not leave you
To come and kiſs, and play with Nephew.
Farewel then, only let me ſay o're
A word or two in form of Prayer:
God ſend you ſoon free from the thral
And tyranny of Goldſmiths Hall;
That Gulph of all the Kingdomes ſtore,
That grave of Treaſure, which is more
Inſatiate then a Whore that's bold,
Or *Tophet* that's ordain'd of old.
Where men muſt give more then the widow
(Praiſ'd in the Text for bounty) did do;
For ſhe beſtow'd there no more pelf,
Then what belong'd unto her ſelf;
But here men are conſtrain'd t' undo
Themſelves, their wives and children too;
Nay more, this place wants not a plot
To ſwallow Infants e're th'are got.
Now were ſome upright Judg found out
I'd wiſh him to decide this doubt
Of *Lunsford*, and of Goldſmiths Hall,
Which was the greateſt Cannibal;

For

For *Lunsford* never, I'l be ſworn,
Devoured a Child that was unborn.
Heaven, Sir, at length will ſet you free,
Mean time let this your comfort be,
That all men now muſt there be waiters,
But Loyal Beggars and falſe Traitors.
All that are here, wives, maids and men,
And Jack that ſnores from ten to ten,
Wiſh you as well as e're they can do,
And ſo does *Trig*, and *Boy*, and *Quando*;
But none like him who will be ever
Sir, your true ſervant, *Richard Leavor*.

Pray Sir, be ſo much my engager,
As to commend me to the Major,
My friend the Eſquire, and all you ſee,
That love the King, and you, and me.

Sir *George*, and *Jack* who will not cog,
Your Uncle *Powel*, and I quoth Dog,
Do oftimes drink your health in U'sk
Till heads grow light, and evenings dusk.

Upon the Shrewsbury *Committee, canvass'd by* Mitton, *in Election of Knight of the Shire,* An. 1646.

SHame to your Tribe, have you State Jesuits
Of the *Salopian* Conclave lost your wits?
How comes it (Sirs) that one man, and he too
No fine Text-marring man o'th' Law, like you,
Out-quirks your Honors thus? whom we look'd on
As *Machiavels* of Reformation,
Whose close and intricate designs we doubt,
Heav'n, minded to prevent, could scarce track out;
And at whose counsels Satan standeth by,
Not to instruct in craft, but edifie.
You brag'd to come with such a blustering train,
Should make your (*Flend*) out-noise the troubled main

And

And strike the emulous party deaf, as such
Who dwell where *Nilus* Cataracts roare so much:
Yet *Mitton*, who was then indeed, as far
Short of your suffrages as your selves are
Of his smal merits, struck you all as mute
As *Charletons* dearly loved fish, the *Trout*:
And wrapping you like fools in Canvas thus,
Expoſes you to Cavaliers, and us
A copious ſcene of mirth, ſuch as this age
Nere ſaw o'th' Fortune, or the Red-Bull Stage;
Some ſowr fac'd Lecturer of more Zeal then ſenſe,
Would raiſe this comfortable Doctrine hence.
"That *Mitton* needs not fear the wiles and powers
"Of Pope nor Divel, ſince h'as conquer'd yours.
But why your Armed men? came they to ſee
That Votes in the Election might go free?
Faith, if they had, the work had been more ſhort,
The Sheriff needed not to adjourn the Court;
For of the multitudes you brought, for one
Lov'd you, ten fear'd your Inquiſition:
No, 'twas to keep that awe there, which your curſt
Wild Bulls of Sequeſtration gain'd you firſt,
You brought 'm not to fight, yet on my word,
Clive, till he broak it, was a man o'th' ſword,
And may, for an adventure done of late,
Be called the *Giganto-machiſt* o'th' State;

Once he encountred with a Cavalier,
Big as a Mountain, or as his own fear,
Which all his faith could not remove, though th'was
Be known to be a *Solifidian*:
Yet having pray'd, he nimbly charg'd his foe,
Nor gave him leisure to return one blow,
But hacks on, till the Gyant by some spell
Became a gate-post; was't not wondrous well?
Yet here he leaves him not, but hews amain,
Till his good sword at length broke short in twain.
But had it held, h'ad beat the post that day
Into a man again, and ran away.
Were you not all thus brave, when gallantly
You sang a hymn, and stormed *Oswaldstrey*?
But why was not that desperate courage shown,
When the b old enemy was in the Town?
'Twas then, Go on brave *Mitton*, fight for Christ
And's Gospel, our Devotion shall assist;
So by the assistance of the Heavenly Powers
He took't for Gods cause, now must leav't for yours.
So toiles the Badger till the hole be fit,
Then comes the Fox and stinks him out of it.
For these your high deserts let each man's wish
Be as he fancies: mine shal be but this,
That for your sakes both Houses would think fit
An Order pass to sequester the wit

Of

Of those bold Satyrist, who so did knot
His Verse, to lash our honest brother Scot,
That now the smart of't puts him to a pawse
Whether or no he shall forsake the Cause.
When you have been so jerk't, I know you'l thence
Grow honest, and so poor by consequence.

A DIALOGUE

Betwixt a

CAVALIER and a LADY,

Upon Occasion of a sudden Alarm in the night.

Lady.

DEar, prethy stay, why dost thou haste
As if this Trumpet were the last,
And calld thee from the grave: I doubt,
Ah me, it rather calls thee to't.

Cavalier

Fear not, sweet Nymph, it bids me go
And give that fate unto the foe,
And teach his insolence what 'tis
Thus to disturb a Lovers bliss.

Lady.

But see 'tis dark, and *Mars* i'th'night,
Unless with *Venus*, will not fight;

Believe

Believe it, Dear, no enemy
So fit to combate now, as I,
Here strive till morne, and it shall be
Good omen, first to conquer me.

Cavalier.

No, I'l reserve that sweet Defeat
To crown, and make the rest compleat:
When I have spent much blood before,
Here 'twil refresh to spend yet more.

Lady.

Yet e're you go, dispatch my pain,
Leave not a Maiden-head half slain.
Dear make an other pass. *Cav.* No more:
The God which Souldiers most adore,
Great Honour, bids me use my might,
For Reputation first, and then delight.

(Chor.)

Tyranny Honor makes the brave
And noblest mind the greatest slave,
Where ever he commands, we go,
And leave our dearest friend to meet a foe.

To a Lady, who promis'd him a Winding-Sheet.

MAdam, I thank your bounty, which thinks fit
To send me in clean linnen to the pit.
Wel, when my brace of shirts are worn out, which
Can last but three months, though I scape the Itch,
And shift but once a fortnight: I'l no more
For Dowlass and course Holland run o' th' score,
They are no lasting Ware, for I do still
Give 'em to th' Tinder-box or Paper-mill,
Or to my Landress, 'gainst her Cradle goes,
Long time e're I have paid for them (God knows:)
And what is worse, I do not know, I swear,
Whether my shirts or credit are more feare;
Oathes steep'd in Ale and Wine cannot invite
The stony-hearted Mercer now to write,
Though 'twere from lice to save me, and diseases,
Item, for six ells more----, even what he pleases:
No, my dear Madam, my recourse shall be
For linnen henceforth to your Charity,
Which I may easily gain, I need but dye,
And you will shirt me to eternity.

To

To Jean of Chippen-Norton.

TEll me no more that Chaſtity
'mongſt Veſtals did reſide,
Or that in Cels or Cloyſters ſhee
doth chiefly now abide:
Where Vowes make chaſt, it may be ſed
An Oath is rather kept, then Maidin-head.

They that with bolted doors and ſpies,
from temptings are ſecur'd,
Or in their own deformities
more ſafely are immur'd:
Such Virgins rather may be ſed
Not to have loſt, then kept their Maiden-head.

Give me a Girle whom Gold doth wooe,
fit time and place allure,
That from her own warm temper too
Temptations doth endure;
If ſhee ſtand firm, it may be ſed,
That ſhe hath truly kept her Maiden-head.

The

The praise (*sweet Jean*) to be thus chaſt
hath long been due to thee,
But what was Vertue yet at laſt
may prove neceſſity:
Reſign it then e're it be ſed
That thou haſt too long kept thy Maiden-head.

On

On the ARCH-BISHOP *of* YORK's *Revolt.*

SAy my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this
Chimera's real. *Ergo Fallaris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorporate in one prodigie.
Call an Aruſpex quickly, let him get
Sulpher and Torches, and a Lawrel wet
To purifie the place, but ſure the harmes
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his charmes:
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of Error this,
And reſcues whatſoe're ſhe did amiſs
Before; from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blowes paſt.
See a *Geneva* Metrapolitan,
An arch Prelatick Presbyterian,
A fierce blue apron'd Prieſt, a lawn ſleev'd brother,
One leg the Pulpit holds, a Tub the other;
Lets give him a fit name now if we can,
And make the apoſtate once more Chriſtian:
Proteus we cannot call him, he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion:

Nor

Nor the Welſh Weather-cock, for that we find
At once doth only wait upon one wind.
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religion's Hermophraditе:*
His head i'th' Sanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th' abominable Miter faſt:
He ſtill retains the Lordſhip and the Grace,
And yet h'as got a Reverend Elders place;
Such Arts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying Altars down, to ſacrifice
To's private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church, the viper that did ſhare
Thy chiefeſt Honors, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignity and ſtore.
Alas, thine own Son proves the Forreſt-Boar:
And like the dam-deſtroying Cuckoe, He
When the thick ſhel of's poor Welſh Pedigree,
By thy warm foſtering bounty did divide,
And open, ſtraight ſprings forth a *Parricide*.
As if 't were juſt, vengeance ſhould be diſpatcht
On thee by th' Monſter which thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an Antidote
'Gainſt the worſt venom he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtil grey, to poiſ'nous red.

Her-

Heav'n with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the accurſed Thing is gone,
And ſcourge the Rebels, who naught elſe did miſs
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but His,
Whoſe foul unparallell'd Apoſtacy
Like to his Sacred Character, ſhall be
Indelible; and's Infamy, with late
And happier ages, when impartial fate
A period to his dayes and ſins ſhall give,
By ſome ſuch Epitapth as this ſhall live.

Lo, here Yorks *Metropolitan is laid,*
Who Gods Annointed and the Church betrayd.

To

To the Isle of MAN.

Upon Occasion of the Lord BYRON'S *landing there.*

HAil happy Ile, to whom the wind
And sea, are by their fury kind,
Whilst waves that threaten to turn o're
Invade not, but protect the shore:
Thou that of late didst only stand
As the Center of our Kings command,
But by hard fate art at this day
The whole circumference of his sway.
See a dear pledg of Loyalty,
The terrot once of those whom he
Now shuns, brave *Byron* doth repair
To pant in thy untaunted air.
Much has he toil'd to hurt the foes,
Much to help friends as bad as those,
But of his Labours no one more
Hath wearied him then giving o're;

Yet to thy ſhore no griefs he brings,
No ſad complaints o'th' ſtate of things.
On what is loſt, he will not loſe
One word or thought, but rather chuſe
To ſearch the means how to prevent
Our future hopes from like event:
His courage (though ſucceſs withſtood)
Like's cauſe, is ſtil the ſame, ſtill good.
Receive him then, and let him be
Welcome to thy good Lord and thee.
So may thy fertile Land and Seas
Abound in all things that may pleaſe
Great *Derby* and his highborn Spouſe,
And make their loſs leſſe grievious,
Which only doth perplex their mind,
Becauſe their bounties thence confin'd.
May they ſoon croſs the Seas to take
Their own, and vengeance; may they make
Their enemies as highly ſad
And miſerable as th' are bad.
And may they come to thee (ſmal ſpot)
For Recreation henceforth, not
For refuge. May thy rule perſever
In this Land long, in this line ever.

The Isle of MAN.

FRom *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales* and *Ireland*,
By equal Leagues divided there doth stand
An Isle in circuit not so great as fame,
To elder times known by *Eubonia's* name.
The Soil is not luxuriant nor ingrate,
Being neither Natures fondness nor her hate:
The Sugar canes, the Vine and Fig-tree there
No Natives are, nor strangers; but what e're
To sport mans nicer appetite is scant,
Comes there the price of what he cannot want;
Few ages since he that chief Rule did hold,
Was thence a King: the same power, but less bold,
In Title, whilst twelve Monarchs raign'd,
Hath in the Noble *Stanlies* blood remain'd.
But under none hath it enjoy'd a bliss
More eminent then it does under this,
Whose prudent care preserves it from the stain
Of foul Rebellion 'gainst its Soveraign.
And as in Swounings, life, when it is gone
From all parts else, stayes in the heart alone:

So in this place, which, if to our Kings sway
You'l Members give, for its fit site, best may
Expres the heart; still breathing you may see
All that's alive of his great Monarchy.
And though this Isle appear but as a Star
Of the least magnitude 'mongst those that are
In Charles his constellation, yet doth shee
Keep motion stil in due conformity
To th' *Primum Mobile*, nor is at all
Seduc'd or forc'd by the Eccentrical
Circumvolutions of the rest, but now
Doth thence more regular and constant grow.
Just so a vigorous heat that closely is
Besieg'd by an *Antiparistasis*
Of hostile cold, conformes not to the same,
But still growes more it self, and turnes to flame;
Nor hath the King alone his old and due
Observance here, but ev'n the Kings King too.
Religious duties; which in other Lands
Are cast by th' wanton strife of tongues and hands
In new prodigious moulds, do in this place
Retain their Prim'tive comelines and Grace;
Temples are Houses here (and they alone)
Of publike Worship and Devotion,
And such at the Altar wait as are endu'd
With Science, and are call'd to't, not intrude.

So that sound Doctrine, clad in a rich sense
Flowes from their Pulpits, which with Reverence
The people heard, and to this giving due
Respect, a thousand blessings more ensue.
The Husbandman buryes his seed 'th'out fear
O'th'Sequestrators sickle, nor does e're
Doubt who shall share the Flock, or milk the Kine
He fosters, or shall eat the fruit of's Vine:
(For though that Plant springs not in this cold clay,
Yet where so fat a Peace dwels, we may say,
(With Reverence to the Sacred Page) that now
Grapes upon thornes, and figs on thistles grow.)
Wives moan not their fled Husbands, who t'eschew
Their enemies, forsake their best friends too:
Their pregnant wombs by Times due Midwifry,
Not by affrights or griefs, disburdned be,
And their maturer Issues there escape
The barbarous Souldiers sword and Lustfull rape.
But that which doth most happiness afford,
Is the lov'd presence of their noble Lord
And Lady, not more eminent in blood
Then Vertue, and their Pledges fair and good.
That spot, alas, is now their whole estate,
Which was but an Appendix to't of late;
Swelling great *Derby's* Title, more then's Rent.
But 'twas by Providence that he was sent

From

From's Richer Territories, there to be
The refuge of distressed Loyalty,
Where now the good he doth with what remains,
Comforts th' unequal losses he sustains:
His sufferings he surveyes, as they express
His Loyalty, not his unhappiness.
And may not they nor th'time be long till's eyes
See his good deeds, his wrongs, and enemies
Fully requited; and in the intrim
May this small part of his Kings sway, by him
Be still preserv'd, as it is now, in fit
Obedience, till the rest conform to it.

AN EPITAPH ON *Major* OWEN And *Captain* EDWARD } WYNNE.

READER, prepare thy eyes, I ſtand
Not to beg tears, but to command;
Which having read, if thou deny,
Thou art a verier ſtone then I.
Brothers by birth, and Twins ſince death,
At noon benighted, lodg beneath:
A Nobler pair no womb of clay
Shall bring forth at the laſt great day:
Their Linage of good note, before
Commended them, and they it more.
Nature was of her gifts profuſe,
For which they thank'd her i'th'right uſe.
Souls ſweetly temper'd; bodies meant
To ſhew mens ſhape moſt excellent;
Valor and Innoncence conjoyn'd,
Height and humility of mind.

Faith

Faith to the Cauſe they choſe, and friends
Serv'd by them 'hout ſelf-ſerving ends,
Indeer'd them to their Countries chief
Affection firſt, then to its geief.
Snatch'd hence in their moſt vigorous age,
By hoſtile ſword and Feavers rage,
And then——. But Reader I'l give o're;
Thy tears will let thee read no more,

To Capt. Segkar *at* B. *ſick of a Feaver.*

DEar *Segkar*, thy Diſeaſe which I before
So much lamented, now I envy more,
And praiſe the bleſt diſtemper of thy bloud,
Which makes thee happier then thy healthier cou'd.
For ſay, who would not gladly entertain
A ſeveral Feaver into every vain,
And take all *Etna* in his breſt, might he
Be fair *Franciſca's* Patient, like thee?
Who'd not be rather laid in thy ſick bed,
Which is by her ſo often viſited,
Then the moſt ſoft and wanton Down invade,
Where ſome fair melting Bride doth lye diſplaid?
When ſhe comes neer the Bed, ſay, Doſt not find
More inward Joy and pleaſure in thy mind
Then torment in thy ſenſe? when ſhe, to try
The dancing of thy pulſes doth apply
Her curious hand to thine, doſt not forget
(Inſpir'd with happier flames) thy Feavers heat?
Complain not that thine eyes have loſt the grace
Of motion, thou maiſt fix them on her face;

Nor

Nor that thy looks are pale and meager; she,
'Cause they are so, so oft doth look on thee.
The *Romans* once a Feaver did adore,
Lest it should hurt them; oughtst not thou much more
To consecrate thy sickness, which to thee
Is Author of so much felicity?
I dare not wish thee health, for that I guess
Would be to deprecate thy happiness:
Nor do I think't a blessing now, for know
I'm sick my self, because I am not so.

On MAURICIA's *Wound, which she received from a Round-head.*

IT was when Traitors in the Text, did pass
For worthy Patriots in the Paraphrase,
And when 'twas voted Loyalty to fight
Against the King because he rul'd by right,
That lo a curst Rebellious crew, whose shame
Was lost with their allegiance; rudely came
And rob'd the fair *Mauricia* and her mate,
Who doth upon the Sacred Altar wait.
Slaves, did you not Divinity espie
In his high function, and in her bright eye?
And could not this work on your stupid sense,
Nor that upon your seared conscience?
Me thinks the Holy and the fair might be
Secure from your State Licens'd Thievery.
Reformed Justice might pass such a pair
And their Malignant Innocency spare,
But 'las, who can expect Mercy from such,
Whose own sins have transcended it so much?

Rapine

Rapine is ſcarce a Crime to hands that dare
'Gainſt Majeſty advance the ſword of War:
And now the villains here are bent upon
A fact, may vie guilt with Rebellion;
They make the naked Prieſt and woman feel
The ſharp edge of the armed Souldiers ſteel:
Though Sex and Office render them unfit
To uſe the ſword, they now muſt ſuffer it:
And had not ſome, who thirſted more for gain
Then blood, adviſ'd he ſhould be Priſoner ta'ne,
And not be made their Murder but their prize,
The Prieſt himſelf had been a Sacrifice.
Mean time, ſome barbarous wretch, who ſurely had
Firſt in his parents bowels ſheath'd his blade,
And rip'd up pregnant wombs, thence to contract
A helliſh courage to performe this fact,
Made on *Mauricia*'s head, through fleſh and bone
With Warlike Weapon ſuch inciſion,
That ſhapes without the 'ernal Organs aid
Might to her inward ſenſes be convey'd:
A crimſon torrent followed the ſtroke,
As water when the Prophet ſmote the Rock:
And that well tempered blood which oft times had
Her cheeks in ſweet becoming bluſhes clad,
Now ſtayneth them, her Veſtments, and the ground,
But moſt of all, his ſoul that gave the wound:

Then

Then part of her fair bluſh was maſſacred,
Each hair of which was worth a Round-heads head
And twice ſix bones, with more then Child-bed pain
Were fet from the Iv'ry Cab'net of her brain.
Yet Heav'n ſo pleaſ'd, nothing did thence proceed
Mortal: But all mens hatred of the deed (deme
For which Round-heads themſelves curſe and con-
Th'Author, as much as honeſt men do them.

How had the Firmament been deck'd with theſe
Th' ancient time of *Metamorphoſes?*
This lock had then aſpir'd the keys, and wore
As many Stars as it did hearts before.
Bloud then as well as milk had there been ſpread
To mark a path out for the Gods to tread,
And teach the morn to bluſh; then had theſe bones
Caſhier'd ſome monſtruous conſtellations:
And for the Caytiffe there had fanci'd been
A plague in hell peculiar, as his ſin.

But this high exemplary Loyalty
Shall in our Annals, not Romances be
Left for poſterity to look upon,
Not for delight, but imitation;
And ſo ſecure Subjects allegiance more
Then the Evangeliſt ſworn o're and o're.

And thus *Mauricia* by indulgent fate,
Ev'n in her ſufferings is made fortunate,

Succeed:

Succeeding Kings ſhall be her debtors hence,
And to her memory pay Reverence;
And preſent Majeſty in its diſtreſs
May raiſe this comfort from her good ſucceſs,
That though its wound be wide, and deep like hers,
And th'cure paſt good mens hopes and Rebels fears,
It may, like her too, at the length o'recome
The danger, and ſurvive its Martyrdom.

MAU-

MAURICIA *to a Lock of that Hair sent to a Lady who requested it.*

KNow little Lock, first from my head,
Now from my Cab'net banished.
That thou enjoyest a glorious fate,
And that a greater fame doth wait
On thee, then all my hair beside:
Thou art their envy and their pride.
Thou fell'st not the approbrious sign
Of some disease or sin of mine,
Neither didst thou, not felt at all,
By the friendly hand of Cisers, fall,
Clipt for some amorous device,
An incruental Sacrifice:
No, thou maist boast that thy great doom
Did from the sword and Souldier come,
Which to my brain such passage made,
That if a second *Pallas* had
Been there, she might have issued thence
Without more torment to my sense,
Whilst from my head a stream did flow
Red as his sin who gave the blow.

Thus

Thus didſt thou fall (great little-Lock)
And thus thy Miſtris ſtood the ſhock
Of ſavage Round-heads; which loath'd name,
Shall from this fact contract more ſhame.
This brands the Rebel Author more
Then all his Treaſons done before:
By thoſe the Subject only is
Caſt off, the very man by this,
Go then, and pray her, whoſe Divine
Hands muſt receive thee now from mine,
That ſhe vouchſafe, when thou art come,
To conſecrate thy Martyrdom
With kind reſpect, and place thee neer,
Though but a foil to her own hair.
Then maiſt thou deem thy fate more high,
Then had *Jove* call'd thee to the Skie,
And deck'd thee with more Stars, then all
The drops of blood loſt at thy fall.

AN

AN ACCOUNT OF AN *IRISH QUARTER.*

FRom *Carrick*, where the noble *Ormond* met
Kilkennyes Supream Councellors, to treat
For *Irelands* peace; After I had let fly
At the Lean-half-boyl'd-fresh-bief Ord'nary,
All my own shillings (and the truth to tell'ee)
One more I borrow'd of my friend, *Jack Belly*:
'Twas time I thought to make a quick departure
With my Comrade *Ned Griffith*, to free-Quarter
So calling *Ned*, said I, He that long tarries
In this Town, will not find it like *Beau-Maryes*;
Where, when we wanted 12d, we could dine
Like Dukes, And only cry, *Peg*, this makes nine;
Here no kind Tapwife, nor confiding Cook,
Will let you eat and drink, and smoak by th' book;
A just man (should we grant you of that sort) (for't,
Can't live by Faith; here, though there's Scripture

But

But when your pockets empty, faith Sir, you
Muſt look your belly ſhould be ev'n ſo too.
To th' Country then, where we'l our Genius pamper
With Muſtard and fat Bief, Mutton and Sampyer,
And yet no Trencher ſhall after a feaſt
Make us repent the fouling of the reſt:
And reaſons there are many to perſwade one
That by our Landlord we ſhall be much made on,
For my Lord Preſident has wrote a Letter
That he ſhould treat us like our ſelves, or better.
And then for certain he's a man of Bounty,
For heark *Ned*, he's High-Sheriff of the County:
Beſides, he's of the *Poors*, and ſo muſt be
By conſequence of our own family;
They ſay that he keeps dogs too, and will courſe
The Hare moſt fiercely, but the Fox far worſe:
And faith *Ned*, thou're a lad, whom any right
Good fellow will bid welcom at firſt ſight:
Thy countenance ſo roſie, ſtraight inveagles,
And (to ſay truth) we both are pretty Beagles.
This pleas'd *Ned* well, & ſtraight we got two able
Horſes, out of my Lord Lieutenants ſtable,
And to *Coleſine*, 'twixt dinner time and ſupper
We march'd with our Port-mantles at our crupper.
When we came there, we certain ſtructures ſaw
All Periwigg'd with ruſhes or with ſtraw;

So ev'n and like, *Ned* swore by his Creator
Some Leveller had been the Fabricator.
So that to us was not distinguishable
Which was the Mansion, which the Barn or stable.
Ned, he alights and leads (God bless us all)
His horse into his Worships very Hall,
And looking round about, cries in great anger,
Zowns, here's a Stable has no Rack nor Manger:
Peace *Ned* (quoth I) prethe be not so hasty,
This room's no stable, though it be as nasty;
I see a Harp and chimney too, and dare
Say, there was fire in't before the war,
So this is no place for your horse, you see,
'Tis then for very Beasts I'm sure (quoth he;)
I wish'd him be advis'd what he spake there,
For should such words come to the Sheriffs ear,
'Twas Gold to Silver that he would be at us
E're we were ware, with's *Posse Comitatus*:
Out *Ned* went laughing; I (as 'tis my fashion)
Fell straight into this serious contemplation,
If the High-Sheriff such mean dwelling have,
O hone, O hone, what hath his Under knave?
But searching further, one whose unsoald shooes
Like fetter, hung about his feets came to's,
And for our horses said he'd shew a room.
I ask'd him if he were the Sheriffs Groom?

No

No Sir, quoth he, I'm his first-born, but can
For need, supply the office of his man.
I cry'd him mercy, wish'd him not be croſt;
So off my hat went, off went his almoſt.
He bade us go to th' houſe; and ſo we took
Our way to th' place *Ned* and his horſe miſtook:
And after we a little there had wander'd,
In came the man, who proud to be our Landlord,
Who for his face and garb might pret'ly well
Paſſe Engliſh muſter for Head Conſtable.
I with fit ceremony tow'rds him went.
And gave him th' Letter from th' Lord Preſident:
He took't and read it, and for ought I know,
We welcom were; but he ne're told us ſo.
Opening his mouth at length, he ask'd us how
Corn ſold beyond ſea; and if men did plow:
When, and for what occaſion we came o're?
And if we ever had been there before?
I anſw'red ſo as pleas'd him well, I think,
For ſtraight he bade the Butler fil ſome drink.
But ſeeing him in's half pint diſh of wood
Sip like a maid; thought I, this man's no good
Companion, or elſe his drink's but ſmall:
Both which did prove too true. And this was all
My comfort now, I hop'd to find good fare,
And then for table-tipple, 'twas moſt rare.

And now for ſupper the round board being ſpred,
The Van a diſh of coddled Onions led,
I'th' Body led a ſalted tail of Sammon,
And in the Rear ſome rank Potatoes came in.
To comfort *Ned*, ſaid I, a ſhort repaſt
Muſt ſerve this wedneſday night, 'cauſe tis a Faſt;
But Maſter Sheriff the next meal wil mend it
To our content. Quoth *Ned*, I pray God ſend it.
We ſate, and ſoon had made of it, I trow,
A clean board, if our napkins had been ſo:
But opening one of them, (I tell ye truth)
My ſtomack was got full before my mouth.
Some houſwifes would give groats apeece for theſe,
To have the waſhing of them for the greaſe.
At length, it came into my fancy, that
They might be Reliques, oyl'd with holy fat,
And that th' Apoſtles, when the Paſchal Lamb
Was eaten, wip'd their fingers on the ſame.
My Land-lord fed well; and ſeeing us to eat
Nothing, he bade us welcome to his meat:
And having done, he croſs'd himſelf all o're;
His Supper had done ſo for us before.

When bed time came, he bade one with a light
Conduct us where we were to lodg that night.

He

He had himself gone with us (I dare say)
But that his Chamber did not lie that way:
So to a room we came, of which 'tis all
I'l say, 'twas correspondent to the Hall.
Quoth *Ned*, I'l not unsheath, though I am drowsie,
These sheets were us'd before, and may be lowsie.
What then, said I? dost thou not know, thou noddy,
Fresh linnen is unwholsome for the body?
And lice are here no more an infamy
Then red hair: th'are the Nation's lechery.
So down we lay, to sleep full wel inclin'd;
But through the gaping wall came such a wind,
That from my head my night-cap (this is true)
To th' farther side of all the room it blew:
And had there been in my fantastick pate
As many Wind-mils as I saw of late
Neer *Wexford*, 'twould have whirl'd 'em all about:
And from my nose ere since, like a Still-snout,
Such distillations fall, you'd ghesse by this,
My head were what the Prophet wished his.
Now 'cause we could not sleep, we fell to pray,
More then we us'd, but 'twas for nought but day.
By th' Lord, quoth *Ned*, the Sun, if he should sup
And lodg like us, at midnight would get up:
And I should tumble lesse, and sleep more, had I
In stead of thee (deer *Tom*) some handsom *Lady*.

But there's no night so long, but hath its morn,
And so had this; which if we had been born
Stark blind, we had not been so glad to see:
No alarm'd Souldier could more quick then we
Leap from his bed, and sooner dress himself:
So down we went, and plaid till hour the twelf;
Then was the table cover'd, but the same
Linnen I saw for fish and flesh meals came.
Dishes as formerly were brought in od,
Pork, Pork, and Pork; two boyled and one sod.
I'l hang for't, but he thought us Scots or Jewes,
And brought's meat not to eat, but to refuse.
But we fel on with all our main and might,
Urg'd by two reasons to't, hunger and spight.
His napkins fatnesse, leanesse of his meat,
Nor want of salt could hinder us to eat,
Nor henceforth shall; his Eves and Embers too
Shall save him nought, at one meal we'l eat two,
Devouring swines flesh, so that he shall dresse
Some better meats, in hopes we wil eat lesse;
And so live and endure, til we shall be
Releas'd next Gen'ral Gaol-delivery.

Mean time, if any man think I have told
More then the truth, let him come and behold

And

And finding things not thus, I ſhall deſire
He'l call me (what I would I were) a Lyer.
And let that man that ſhall diſlike my Rhimes,
Know that I have made better twenty times.
Nor was my Muſe in fault now, but the Liquor;
Had this bin ſtronger, that had been much quicker.
Who drinks the like, I'l hold my ink and pen on't,
He'l write as bad.

God bleſſe my Lord Lieutenant.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Thirsis DEar *Silvia*, let thy *Thirsis* know
What 'tis that makes those tears to flow
Is the kid that us'd to play
And skip so nimbly, gone astray?
Hath *Cloris* flowers more fresh and green?
Or is some other Nymph made Queen?
Silvia. Thirsis, dost thou think that I
Could grieve for these, when thou art by?
Thi. What is it then? *Silv.* My father bids
That I no longer feed my kids
With thine, but *Corydons*; and wear
None but his Garlands on my hair.
Thir. Why so (my *Silvia*) will he keep
Thy Lambs more safe whilst thou dost sleep?
Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise
When chaunted in his Roundelayes?
Silv. No *Thirsis*, I my Kids must joyn
With his, 'Cause they are more then thine.

Chor

(*Chor.*)

Parents, cruel as the Rocks,
Joyn not their children, but their flocks.
And Hymen's *call'd to light his Torches there*
Where Fortune's, not Affection's equal art.

To his RIVAL,

Kissing a Glove which he had got from SYLVIA.

FOnd man! why dost thou now adore
What thou didst so much execrate before?
Whilst from thy wanton touch it did secure
Fair *Sylvia*'s hand; nor would
Permit the tender Lillies should
From any hot-breath'd kiss a blast procure.

Whilst to the Relick thou dost thus
Pay thy Devotion, thou art impious

Againſt the Saint. For that which thou didſt hate
When it upon her hand
A conſecrated Veil did ſtand,
Thou now ador'ſt, when it is reprobate.

Yet hugge that toy, had kiſs it more
And nearer, then it did her hand before,
For 'tis the perfect embleme of thy fate.
Though thou like it do waſte
Thy ſelf in ſerving her, at laſt
Thou ſhalt like it too be a Reprobate.

To SYLVIA,
On a Bracelet of her Hair.

KNow, *Sylvia*, that your curious twiſt
Which charm's my heart, and deck's my wriſt,
On which I gaze ſo oft, and pay
Thouſands of kiſſes every day.
Is not ſo much my love and care,
'Cauſe 'tis compoſed of your hair,
And yet it truly may be ſed
Sun-beams are wov'n of courſer thred.

Nor

Nor do I therefore lik't so much,
Because I find the art is such,
That if *Arachne*, when she strove
With *Pallas*, the like Web had wove,
She had her skill and wrath o'recome,
And gain'd a Triumph, not a doom.
No, *Sylvia*, I the truth will tell,
I do not therefore lik't so well
Because it is thy hair and Art,
But that it is thy gift (dear Heart.)

SYLVIA *Singing.*

TEll me no more to what rare sound
The Stars do dance their Round.
For did they hear the Musick of this voice.
They'd not forbear
To leap down from their Sphear,
And for this Harmony forsake that noise.

And tell not me with what sweet strain,
The dying Swan, in vain

Flatter's

Flatter's approaching death; for could she give
Such notes as these
Fates rigor to appease,
They'd prove not a Prediction, but Reprieve.

To him that heats this Countes-charm
No Syren can do harm.
Ulysses was not half so safe, when fear
Unto the Mast
With cords had bound him fast,
As had these accents held him by the ear.

A DIALOGUE.

Thir. COme *Sylvia*, freely let's enjoy
Loves chiefest sweets; for being coy,
We make those flames, which he hath sent
For our delight, our punishment.
Sylv. What would my *Thirsis* more then this,
Thus chastly to embrace and kiss?
Thir. Alas, my *Sylvia*, these are toyes
Which but prepare for after joyes.
Like to those meats we eat before
A feast, to make our hunger more.

We

We mix moiſt lips to raiſe in two
Blouds, a deſire to mingle too.
Sylv. To joyn them ſo, is to commit
A kiſs, and poiſon love with it;
Sacrificing chaſte deſires
In wanton and polluted fires.
Thir. What can unchaſte or wanton be
That's done in ſuch obſcurity?
Where there's no conſcious eye nor ear,
Action's no more then wiſhes are.
Sylv. I, but the Gods, who ſee our night,
And hear our ſilence, wil eſpy't,
And puniſh too. *Thir.* No, *Sylvia*, this
Thou know'ſt their own example is:
'Tis ſafe to err with them. *Sylv.* The bold
Poets alone ſuch fictions told.
Thir. They rather feign'd, who made that ſin,
The Gods ſo much delighted in.
Sylv. Thirſis, I yeild, but fear I ſhall repent,
Thi. Thou wilt, that thou no ſooner didſt conſent

(*Chor.*)

What e're the rigid Sages of old time
Did love and practice moſt, they made a crime
To th' rude vulgar, and did thus deviſe,
That no man ſhould be happy but the wiſe,

To SYLVIA,
Going to an Enemies Quarters.

STay, *Sylvia*, ſtay, and let thine eyes
From gloomy nights protect our Skies.
Let not their glorious beams convey,
To our Antipodes the day.
But if they are decreed to go
From our Horizon to the foe,
Cloud them with frowns, that through the world
A general darkneſs may be hurl'd,
So we the better ſhall ſuſtain
A loſs, which is to them no gain.
Or if thou wilt at full diſplay
Every Beam and every Ray.
So ſhall thoſe Suns, whilſt men admire,
Conſume, not warm them with their fire:
And by that glorious light of theirs
Make, and deſtroy Idolaters.
But ſtay not long (ſweet Nymph) for ſo
May thy return procure our woe,

Whilſt

Whilſt we, like men, who for long ſpace,
Have been confin'd to ſome dark place,
Shall, being reſtored to that light
By which we ſee now, loſe our ſight.

To Sylvia *Frowning.*

NO, *Sylvia*, 'tis not your diſdain,
Nor ſcorn, nor cruelty, not hate
Shall make my ſadder verſe complain,
Or my well kindled flame abate.
Such goblins fright Love from a coward-heart:
But one reſolv'd like mine, can make them ſtart.

Contract thy brow, and let thine eye
Dart Thunderbolts of anger ſtill,
Storm me with all th' Artillery
With which Love's Rebells uſe to kill:
I'l not retreat till I or Conqueror be,
Or Martyr of thy cruelty and thee.

Shoot, *Sylvia* then, and ſpare not till
Thy Magazine of anger's ſpent,

If

If I ſurvive and love thee ſtill,
I know thou then muſt needs relent.
Patience in ſufferings oft-times hath o'recome
A Tyrants rage, and made him change his doom.

But if I fall into thy hate
And ſtubborn ſcorn a Sacrifice,
I ſhall be happy in that fate
VVhilſt with me all my torment dies.
Thus ſhall my conſtancy for thy diſdain
Either begin my bliſs, or end my pain.

AN ELOGY

On the Death of SYLVIA'S *Beagle.*

YE Ladies all, that feel remorſe
VVhen with a cold your Parrat's hoarſe,
And think you ſin, if you are jolly,
When your poor Monkey's melancholly:
Come and aſſiſt the tender-hearted
Sylvia's grief for the Departed.

A Beagle of ſo neat a frame,
That *Venus* gave her her own name,
And for her Chariot, ſh'ad been ſnatch'd,
But that ſhe could no where be match'd.
Her Pedigree was of good note,
For Or and Sables was her coat,
Wherein ſuch ſmoothneſs did reſide,
As made the very ſight to glide.
Her body ſlender was, and ſuch
Might well make *Sylvia's* lap her couch:
And yet ſhe was not ſmall enough
To be convey'd away 'n a Muff.
She never loſt the company's favour
Offending it with an ill ſavour;
And what a greater wonder is,
She ne're for th' Owner ſmelt amiſs.
In ſuch fit places ſtill ſhe eas'd
Her belly, that ſhe ne're diſpleas'd
The Chamber-maid. Nor would ſhe eat
At any time forbidden meat.
She lately had a ſafe Delivery
Of young ones three, as ſmooth as Ivory.;
But e're that they could look about'em,
She went to th' other world without'em;
And this ſhe did, becauſe ſhe hop't
Her Miſtreſs ſure would them adopt.

Whoſe

Whose comfort now is, that the Bitch
Dy'd not o'th' Halter, Mange or Itch,
But what great men their lives have cost 'em,
'Tis known she dy'd of an Apostеme.

To his FRIENDS,

Comforting him after Sylvia's *Departure.*

GOod Sirs forbear, who e're strives to beguile
Mee of my woe,
Or labors to betray me to a smile,
He's my cruel foe:
For all these tears you see, did I
Receive from my departing *Sylvia's* eye.

When we incorporated in our last
Embraces, stood
Like *Janus* head inverst from hers, she cast
Into mine eyes this flood,
And told me whilst it there did stay
That no new flames could enter in that way.

Safe

Safe then within these Cisterns let them lye,
That every tear
When next we meet may make my Loyalty
Clear, as it self appear.
Then shall those waters which she set
To guard my brest from flames, give hers new heat.

The three Incomparable Ladies at K. Castle.

HEnce, hence, unhallowed tongues, & move not (here
Know this is not your Sphear;
This place, like th' *Irish* Soil, allowes
Nothing that's venemous.
What e're is loosely done or spoke,
Doth wrath, not mirth provoke.

(*Chor.*)
For here the three chaste Sisters present be
Who constitute each room
Wherein they deign to come,
A Temple Sacred unto Modesty.

Who enters here, muſt ſpeak, what e're he ſayes,
With the ſame breath he prayes.
His guilt, whoſe language ſhall be found
To bear a looſer ſound,
Then at the Altar may be own'd
Shall not be there atton'd.
(*Chor.*) *For here the three chaſt, &c.*

But he, who with a breath as cool and ſweet
As *Zephyrus*, doth greet
The tender flowers in *May*, can chear
Not blaſt a modeſt ear,
May here be welcome, and find ſome
Taſte of *Elizium*.

(*Chor.*)
For here the three chaſte Siſters preſent be,
Who conſtitute each room
Wherein they deign to come,
A Temple ſacred unto Modeſty.

A CAROL for Chriſtmas Day.

COme, come Cavaliers,
Leave your doubts, leave your fears,
And grieve not at thought of old matters.
You owe to this Day
That which ſhall ne're be a prey
To the Traitors.

Then ſing and rejoice,
Raiſe your heart, raiſe your voice;
Your joyes at this time do not ſmother.
Let all ſorrow be wav'd
As you hope to be ſav'd.
To ſigh for one ſin is another.

This Day there did come
From a pure Virgins womb
A Saviour your ſins to attone,
Let the Parliament care
And Rebels deſpair,
That have none.

But with our beſt notes,
In ſpight of all Votes
His praiſe this Day ſhall be ſounded,
Who left Heaven that he
Might render all free
From Hell, but the Divel and the Round-head.

An ANTHEME
For Chriſtmas Day.

HAil the moſt bleſſed of all Dayes,
By whoſe reſplendent rayes,
He firſt begun
To ſee who made the Sun.
In Miracles, this one
Outvyes the ſix dayes of Creation.

Man to Gods image made, that time
Of wonders was the prime:
But here we can
See God unmade to th' ſhape of man.
Omnipotence is weak,
The Word it ſelf knowes not to ſpeak.

And what may yet
Far more astonishment beget,
Th' immortal God did this endure
That so he might procure
Unto himself a power to dye;
And to us mortal men,
Who were his Rebels then,
A power to live eternally,

For this high love, what thanks shall we returne?
What Incense burn?
All he requires is only this,
That we would make his sufferings our bliss.

That from the Manger where he lay
This Sacred Day,
We would permit that he may come
And in our hearts find nobler room.
But hearts are mangers too, whilst sin
Feeds there: Let's cast it out, & take him in.

A CAROL.

1.

BOldly, boldly, Chriſtmas here
Still in thy own old ſhape appear;
And make no ſcruple to come forth
With all thy ſtratagems of mirth.
None here has a hand
I'th' great work of the Land:
But all are at leiſure
With paſtime and pleaſure
To render due honour to Chriſtmas.

2.

Endleſs toil and fruitleſs pains
To him that this great Feaſt profanes.
When he ſhould ſleep, let him contrive
A thouſand projects, and none thrive.
Nor let his ghoſt have
Repoſe in the grave
But wander and fright
His brethren by night
Who give not due honor to Chriſtmas.

But

3.

But rejoice we, whom this Tide
With ſuch a Jewel hath ſupply'd,
As no *Sabæans* lawleſs bands
Nor Feind ſhall wreſt out of our hands.
A better world's ours,
Be this in the powers
O'th' Saints that are mortal,
And will be cut ſhort all
For giving no honor to Chriſtmas.

4.

Drown the thought in Waſſal Bowles,
Of what we loſt to ſave our ſouls.
The Thieves that ſnatcht our Goods away
But like hand-Cormorants did prey,
At length a Hemp-ſtring
Their necks ſhall ſo wring,
That they will again
Diſgorge all amain
Whilſt we give due honor to Chriſtmas.

5.

If the Mountain-Harp and Crowd
To harmleſs mirth may be allow'd

The Drum and Trumpet we'l be willing
To leave to ſuch as live by killing.
Give us Beer and Wine,
We'l never repine
At thoſe that will ſoak
In bloud, till they choak.
But render due honour to Chriſtmas.

6.

In this humble Jollity
The Conquerors height and greatneſs we
Envy no more then that of's Noſe,
Or of the Crimes by which he roſe.
Let him on with his Work
To humble the Kirk,
And's Deſtiny follow
From thence to the Gallow,
Whilſt we give due honour to Chriſtmas.

Another Carol for Chriſtmas Day,

LIft up your heads and hearts, all you that be
Oppreſt by proſp'rous villany.

And

And let your Countenance this time as clear
As is your conſcience, appear.
That wretched eye profanes theſe Sacred Raies,
That is with tears poſſeſt
For any earthly intereſt,
And is not worthy to ſee better dayes.

2

That power by which the Air did firſt begin
Now borrowes it to breath therein:
He that like Rayment put on Light, doth dreſs
Himſelf in humane nakedneſs.
Thus he's our Repreſentative, and thus
Th' Almighty's irony
Apply'd to him's a verity,
Behold God is become as one of us.

3.

Here then, ye loyal ſouls, come here and take
A cure for all that makes you ake.
This Day preſents ſuch ſuff'rings as wil drowne
The ſad remembrance of your own.
Still let the Serpents of this age bite on,
Let them new poiſon brew,
'Tis loſt all that they ſpit at you,
For loe, this Day holds forth the Braſen one.

Are

4.

Are you in baniſhment? To ſalve your wo
Think that the King of Kings was ſo.
Or in reſtraint? Let all complaints be dumb,
God was once dungeon'd in a womb.
What though y'ave loſt your ſtore by th' (theft licenc'd
O'th' bowelleſs Committee
And Sequeſtrators of leſs pity.
The Lord of All, was of himſelf bereft.

5.

All this, and death, he for your ſake endures
In whom was found no guilt but yours:
And for his Cauſe wil not you ſuffer too,
As chearfully as he for you?
Th'Oppreſſor's glory, and your miſery
Death quickly terminates,
And then ſhall you exchange Eſtates,
And have them ſetled to eternity.

A CAROL.

PReethy Round-head, now forbear,
Come not near,
Chriſtmas here doth domineer.
Here are ſports, and ſongs, and Muſick,
Which perhaps,
Which perhaps, Sir, may make you ſick.

2

'Twil perplex your holy eye
To eſpy
When we dance, though modeſtly.
And you'l hence be more offended;
With the light,
With the light all ſport is ended.

3

And to grieve your godly ear,
Songs I fear,
Of our Saviours birth you'l hear.

Here

Here his mother you'l find Sainted,
And your ſelves,
And your ſelves call'd Divels painted.

4.

If you love your noſe, O fie,
Come not nigh,
All the houſe doth ſmel of Pye.
Nor would you the ſent eſchew, Sir,
Half ſo fain,
Half ſo fain as we would you, Sir.

5.

For the taſte, indeed, here's great
Store of meat,
But your Saintſhip may not eat;
For the meat, which we provide all
Offered is,
Offered is unto this Idol.

6.

Venter then no farther on,
Get thee gone:
But leaſt thou ſhouldſt go alone,
Take for company I pre-thee
From this place,
From this place all ſorrow with thee.

Thus

Thus Latin'd,

1.

Foresjam, Rotunde, hat
Fugias,
Regnat hic Nativitas.
Lusus hic & cantilenæ,
Tibi quæ,
Tibi quæ futuræ pœnæ.

2.

Dolor erit oculis,
Videris,
Cum nos in tripudiis.
Et plus evia hinc confusus;
Desinit,
Desinit Cum luce lusus.

3.

Nevè piis parcamus
Auribus,
Christum natum Canimus.
Mater hîc est Diva dicta,
Ipsi vos,
Ipsi vos Damonia picta.

Ædes

4.

Ædes (naso cave sis)
Epulis
Fragrant Natalitiis,
Nidor tibi nec infestus
Plus quam tu
Plus quam tu nobis molestus.

5.

Dapes ecce hîc lautas,
Sed ne has
Tangat vestra Sanctitas,
Quicquid est in mensâ situm,
Esse duc
Esse duc Idolothytum.

6

Ocyus ergo hinc jam Te
Proripe,
Sed ne cavetas comites,
Sume tibi in sodalem
Omne hac
Omne hac à domo malum.

On Mr. F. P.

Discovered at her Devotion in Holywell

INto the Spring, whose copious flowings be
A Monument of Martyr'd Chastity,
The fair *Francisca*, that she might commend
The Well to more Devotion, did descend,
With feature so Divine, that you would ghess
She rather were the Saint, then Votaress.
With swifter course the streams to court her glide
And murm'ring, seem the envious stones to chide,
Which stay their hasle: And now they had possest
What ever was beneath her Ivory brests.
But these did yet appear above the same
Like the white Rocks, which gave this Isle a name.
At length she kneel'd, & then they reacht her lip,
Which they with smiling smoothness woo'd to sip:
The waters thirsting to be drank by her
More then for them the long choak'd Hart did e're.
But swelling to't, she rose, as if she thus
Meant to revenge the fate of *Tantalus*.

An

An hour is well nigh ſpent, whilſt with ſuch heat
Of pure Devotion, ſhe doth there repeat
Her powerful Oriſons, that whilſt ſhe pray'th
The benumb'd Fountain proves a ſweating Bath.
And now, her Rites perform'd, ſhe takes her leave:
The waters ſtriving to detain her, cleave
Faſt to her Veil, but when alas, they found
'Twas vain, they ſadly dropt in tears to th'ground.
Now if the ſtories I have read before,
Were Truth or Fable, I'l enquire no more.
For ſeeing *Franciſca* in it, I can tell,
That I diſcovered there a Miracle.
And thus much of it, henceforth I'l confeſs,
'Tis Sacred, though but from this Votareſs.

A Hymne to St Winifrid, *ſung by Her Prieſt whilſt* Mr E. M. *was at Her Devotion in* Holywell.

BLeſt Saint, to whoſe renown this Well
Flowes a perpetual Miracle,
Be preſent now, and give ſucceſs
To th'wiſhes of this Votareſs.

Chorus.
Who comes not her own ſpots to cure,
But bathes to make thy Spring more pure.

'Tis neither her neceſſity
Nor ſin, that brings her on her knee;
For pure and like thy ſelf She's come
In all, but in thy Martyrdome.

Chor.
She comes not her own ſpots to cure,
But bathes to make thy Spring more pure.

It is to honour thee, and bring
More Votaries unto thy Spring,
That such as did blaspheme before,
By Her example may adore.

(*Chor.*)

But She that hath no spots to cure,
Doth bathe to make thy Spring more pure.

Then from the cold protect Her sense,
Let Her not go thy Martyr hence,
But strait conform with some warm beam,
To Hers, the temper of the stream.

(*Chor.*)

So She that hath no spots to cure.
Shall bathe and make thy Spring more pure.

On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord BYRON, *who died in* France.

CAll'd from the wrath to come; to's Native Seat,
Byrons unspotted soul has made retreat.
See how Heaven welcomes Him! ye Blessed Powers,
We, to Your Joyes and His, would now add ours,
Did not our too-just Jealousies and Fears
Of plagues ensuing, call for sighs and tears.
Must not approaching Thunder needs dismay,
When the protecting Laurel's snatcht away?
The Wheat into the Barn being ta'ne, we know
What fate the Tares are doom'd to undergo.
Excuse our sorrow then; when such men steer
Into the Harbor, desperate stormes are neer.
And who can hope th'Incursion to escape
Of Vengeance, when a *Moses* quits the gap?
That *Rome*, when Pagan in the Head (like us)
And Christian in some limbs, was prosperous,
The Fathers of those ages attribute
To th' Prayers of them whom it did persecute.

And ſure, his Interceſſion for his foes
Hath thus long kept us from deſerved woes.
But ſince he left to ſpeak, no gracious voice
Remains to drown our ſins obſtreperous noiſe.
No ſpotleſs hands, like his, lift up to gain
Pardon for thoſe, which bloud and rapine ſtain:
No heart 'powrs forth ſuch true Devotion,
As may th' Hypocriſie of ours attone.
How to do well, we long ſince loſt the skil,
And now the hopes of Grace, when we do ill.
And thus (bright Soul) thy putting off thy clay
Becomes our Funeral; but thine own Birth day:
Death hath performed a double Office here,
Of Midwife, and of Executioner.
Thou now begin'ſt to live, when thou giv'ſt o're,
And ſtoodſt but candidate for life before.
'Twas but a borrow'd blaſt thou didſt reſign,
The laſting breath of Fame is now made Thine.
Heroes in their own time only be,
And truly flouriſh with Poſterity:
Fruits of paſt years preſerv'd, more precious grow,
And lov'd by thoſe who loath'd 'em on the bough.
Nor is't a ſingle birth, thou com'ſt forth Twins,
Born to live both with men and Cherubims;
In ſpight of thy Proſcribers, th'art by fate
From exile call'd to triumph o're their hate.

Here

Here ſhall thy mem'ry dwel, and thy great name
(Their terror once) ſhall now be more their ſhame,
Whilſt thy Celeſtial Spirit to Heaven doth climb
There to be crown'd, for what was here thy crime.
And though thy fate were inciuental, we
I'th' liſt of Loyal Martyrs will write thee.
For he who in a juſt Cauſe doth oppoſe
His life to dangers, and all elſe doth loſe,
Not mov'd thereto by Av'rice, ſpleen, or pride,
But that the Righteous is the wronged ſide:
For's Courage, Cauſe, and Conſcience ſake muſt paſs
Muſter 'mongſt Martyrs. And ſuch *Byron* was.

AN EPITAPH

On the Right Honorable

The LORD BYRON,

Buried in France.

READER, A Stranger doth lye here,
No Native so well worth a tear;
'Tis *Byron*, whose Progenitors
Seven Ages since were fam'd, and Ours
Transplanted hence to English ground
They flourish'd there, for faith renown'd.
In Honour and Possessions great,
In War and Wisdom most compleat;
Yet all the Vertues of His Race,
Nay, of Mankind, hold but the place
Of several *Items*, which did come
United here i'th' total sum.
His Youth (smal portion of's short span)
Did soon give place unto the Man.

To

To grow and fade he loſt no time,
All his ten Luſtres were his prime.
The Academy, Court, and Camp
Mark'd him theirs, with their nobleſt Stamp.
The Arts and Tongues, pure and refin'd,
In him, like well ſet Jewels ſhin'd:
And though he us'd 'em not for fame,
Yet it, unſought for, greater came.
His Prince he follow'd in the height
Of Peace, when Eaſe and ſoft Delight
Eunuch a Court. But th' Warlike Pike
Requiring hands, *Achilles* like,
He caught and us'd it in ſuch wiſe,
That th' Courtier ſeem'd but his diſguiſe.
With courage, calmneſs of the mind,
(The Lion with the Lamb) was joyn'd,
By Paſſion Reaſon was obey'd,
And Reaſon by Religion ſway'd;
Which he with knowing Zeal profeſt
As Conſcience mov'd, not Intereſt,
And argued for it, not with ſtrife
Of words, but Sanctity of life.
And thus reſolv'd and firm remains
In God's Cauſe and his Soveraigns,
Till by ſucceſsful Treaſon thrown
Hither, (to make his worth more known)

He here exſpiring, did intruſt
This place with his Renowned duſt.
And well it was that he did lay
His own conceal'd in Forraign clay.
For at home, ſo immoderate
Was good mens love, and bad mens hate,
That there his Relicks would the Object be
Both of Profaneneſs, and Idolatry.

A N

An Epithalamium,

Upon the late Nuptial ACT.

IO to *Hymen*, who re-knits the hands
O'th' late Divorced pair in Nuptial bands;
No doubt the union wil laſt firm and long;
Bones broken (if well ſet) become more ſtrong.
Juſtice and Prieſthood by Supreme Decree,
For mutual helps ſake muſt remarried be.
A fitter match was ne're made in this Land.
The one wants eyes, the other cannot ſtand.
But when the blind and lame do both unite
Into one Beggar, there are legs and ſight.
Men can no longer ſay now, that our State
Their Clergy, *Jeroboam* like, create
Out of the loweſt of the people, when
They do ordain the Peace and *Quorum* men.
Nor will the aſſertion hold good, though they ſay,
That theſe are form'd too of no better clay.
For as the Levite is commiſſion'd
By th'Juſtice, ſo by th' Levite he's Sir *John'd*.

Juſt

Juſt thus, where red and white appear but ſingle,
The cheek's deform'd, but Heav'nly where they min-
Now as in Buildings, ſo in Lawes 'tis found (gle.
What that man rais'd, this levels with the ground.
Our deceas'd Patriots were the Biſhops bane,
Theſe conſecrate themſelvs now, and ordain;
And 'tis moſt fit, that ſuch as do poſſeſs
Their Lands, ſhould execute their Offices.
'Twas well their Wiſdomes they did not invade;
For then this worthy Act had ne're been made.
Nor muſt all holy Rites the honour have
To be performed by the Wiſe and Grave.
'Tis Matrimony only has this Grace,
Which though i'th' Sacraments it hath no place,
O're them and other Duties may inſult:
High Prieſts do this, the reſt *Quicunque vult.*
But though in all Degrees Wedlock before
Was honourable, and will hence be more:
Yet wiſe men fear (our frailty's ſuch) there will
Be Fornication found amongſt us ſtill.
Nay they'l be guilty (Caſuiſts ſay) o'th' Fact
Who copulate by vertue of this Act,
And that (but I believe 'em not a word)
Their Iſſue will be Baſtards on Record.

FINIS.